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## REXRODE CHEVROLET CO.

Marlinton, West Virginia

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### 4-H CLUB NOTES

Report of Goldie Gibson of the Elk River 4-H Club. New Ideas.

I have talked to my teacher about the Health Crusade and she says that the health crusades are one of the things that we can have in our school because they teach us not only to be healthy, but our neighbors also. The things I do regularly to keep me physically fit are: Cleaning my teeth regularly, and sleep at least ten hours every night with my window open; drink at least two quarts of water a day; eat wholesome food every day. Our club has discussed Hot Lunches and decided every school should have hot lunches. Some things our club is planning to do to bring about more beautiful conditions are: Have a certain day set aside for a Community clean up day. See that every child comes to school with clean hands, faces, nails, and see that they take a bath every week. Try to prevent sickness, and when they are sick remain at home until well.

Kathel Ryder, Peppy Climbers, Marlin.

I have talked to my teacher about the Health Crusade and she says they are very helpful if we abide by them.

The things I do regularly to keep myself physically fit are, brush my teeth, clean my finger nails and sleep with my window open.

Our Club has discussed the subject of hot lunches, and decided we could not serve hot lunches successfully because all the children go home for lunch.

Some things our club is planning to do to bring about more healthful conditions in our community are: Keep streets clean, report contagious diseases and keep garbage cans covered.

Our club was organized in November. We have twelve members and we all like club work fine. We have not done much work on our projects yet, because we have not received our project circulars, but the girls are making towels as a part of their sewing project. The railway workers invited us to their club meeting and washmallow toast which we enjoyed very much. We hope all club members enjoy club work as much as we do.—Clawson Climbers 4-H Club.

The Backus Workers Four-H Club met at the school house January 24, 1928, at 11 a. m. The meeting was called to order by the president Nola Wifong. We then sang, "Boost For Club Work." The roll was called by the secretary, all the members being present but one. Mr. Miller the county agent then gave us a fine talk on club work. The Four-H's were summed up for the month of January and the work for February decided on. It was then moved by Alma Miller that the meeting be adjourned; the motion was seconded by Marie Malienax and carried.

Lincoln Barner, Sec.

Our Club has been striving to finish our projects before camp so that we may enjoy camp life more thoroughly. We have been working together and talking over ways in our meetings that we may have a better club. We have meetings every two weeks because we think it holds the club closer together. Our president gave the club a party at her home a few weeks ago. We had a delightful time; nonsense games and also educational games of all sort were played. The club members like 4-H and hope to make our Peppy Climbers Club shine out bright at the end of the year, and ever the motto, "Not at the Top but Climbing" on our lips.

Frances Brill, Sec.

The Frost Stickers Four-H Club orchestra will entertain with a musical program at the Frost schoolhouse on Friday night, February 17, beginning at 7:30. The public is cordially invited.

Pauline Harold-Vice-Pres.

### THE TALE OF THE ELK

From Wild Life by W. E. K. Bryna (Continued from last week)

After fishing out the Upper River, we proceeded downstream over the six miles of Dry Bed, east the mouth of the Dry Fork of Elk which empties—when it has anything to empty—on the northerly side opposite the old Bradshaw place. While I never negotiated the Dry Fork, my information is that it is just what and all that its name implies.

To describe the Dry-Bed of Elk, extending a distance of six miles from the Upper River down to Cowger's Mill, where the water again comes to the surface, would be impossible, unless it be to some extent by comparison with a stream with which the reader may be familiar.

The New River Gorge on a smaller scale, the mountains less high and steep; the rough of Gauley, toned down by half; the upper rough and rugged branches of the Cheat—take a six mile section from one of these, and imagine the same to be wholly barren of running water—and you may have some slight conception of the Dry Bed of Elk. But there are some very marked features that none of these can supply, even by way of comparison. A large portion of this six miles shows the channel cut in limestone, here neatly and regularly chiseled as tho' by the hand of man, there rough, jagged, irregular and bristling with jutting points and sharp angles pitted, pock-marked and honey-combed; here a deep narrow chasm over which a man may leap, there a wide, deep abyss, eaten out of the solid rock, by erosion and the eternally pounding floods of the ages; caverns extending far back under the overlying strata, huge rocks and boulders, everywhere in and along and adjacent to the channel, and at one notable point the river bed a level flat rock two hundred and fifty feet in width and twice as long, smooth as a flat iron and flat as a smoothing iron, used, by the way, by the people round about for Fourth of July picnics, dances and like diversions, while a short distance below, at the mouth of Chimney Rock Branch, is a perennial ice house and cold storage plant, where the winter snows, driven and packed in among the rocks along the hillside, shaded thro' the spring and summer months by dense foliage, are preserved for Fourth of July ice cream and lemonade. In fact I have found ice at that place as late as August.

This Dry Bed, extends to Cowger's Mill, where the water gushes forth in two great springs, one of which is within less than one hundred feet of the Old Cowger Mill which was first installed almost one hundred years ago. This spring is not affected by food or by drought, but produces an even volume of water the year round—that volume being sufficient to keep the mill in constant operation—although for many years the mill has not been so kept. The other spring some two hundred yards away is largely affected by food and drought, and at times goes completely dry.

Before leaving the Dry Bed entirely, I cannot refrain from a weak attempt to describe what was to me a most impressive incident in connection therewith. On the occasion of my first visit to Split Rock, as related in the first installment of this tale, and the next day after our lamentable experience as there related, Bill and I decided to try our luck in Laurel Branch, a rather small stream that comes in at the upper end of the Harmon Sharp place. While fishing about a quarter of a mile up the branch, it began to rain, and we concluded to quit fishing altogether, get dinner at the boarding house, return home on the speeder that afternoon and try for bass down about Leatherwood. Before we got down to the mouth of the branch, however, the rain so increased that we felt compelled to take shelter under a tree. While there we were startled by the most terrific crash on crash and roar on roar, away off in the direction of the head of Old Field Fork. The sound was unlike the ordinary peals of thunder or any disturbances I had ever heard. It sounded more like a continuous crash such as would be made by all the trees in the forest falling at the same time, some being timed a little slower than the others, followed by a roar and alternating crash and roar, crash and roar, extending over ten minutes time.

"Cloudburst up Old Field Fork," said Bill; "let's go."

We hastened to the boarding house found dinner ready which we ate quickly, and coming out on the porch where we had a good view up the Valley of Old Field Fork, we could distinctly hear the roar of the coming flood, and in less than five minutes saw its advance guard a quarter of a mile away. To get to the railroad where our speeder was parked we had to cross the Old Field Fork on a foot bridge, well above high water, and walk over some low ground, between the bridge and the railroad. Fast as we traveled we were caught in this low place by the water knee deep, which meant about four feet in the channel which two minutes before had been perfectly dry. Our first thought was to take the speeder and get away as fast as possible; but it occurred to me what a wonderful sight it would be to see that flood as it poured into and traversed the Dry Bed; and having suggested this to Bill, he said we could give it a little time and then start out on our speeder and overtake it about the lower end of the Bradshaw place, where we could have a good view from the railroad. We waited half an hour or more, by which time there was over six feet of water in Old Field and four feet in Big Spring Fork, and then set forth to overtake the head of the flood, which we did just about the appointed place. At a point two or three hundred feet ahead, we stopped, and looking back, behind the head and front of the rapidly oncoming yellow flood, lashing and bulging its rock-bound confines, rushing out and obliterating the rocks in its pathway, ruthlessly tossing aside the unyielding and spurning the fixed obstacles to its progress, gathering the while from each obstruction new impetus and greater

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

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Think of doubling the usefulness of your horses or mules. You can do it. Give them ordinary care and feed Tuxedo Chop. Your teams will then reward you, not only with more daily work, but with extra years of service.

Tuxedo Chop builds strong, healthy, fine appearing animals because it is a perfectly balanced ration. Wheat bran, alfalfa meal, barley, crushed yellow corn, rolled oats and cane molasses—these are the ingredients that maintain horse power at top efficiency in town or country. Begin feeding Tuxedo Chop now and watch results.

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MARLINTON, W. VA.

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## Crosley Electric Bandbox

Now \$115 complete

Installed with new type D Musicone. This set has the Mershon condenser, an exclusive Crosley feature. No danger of "blowouts" as in other electrical sets.

The BANDBOX with batteries, type D Musicone, complete installed \$105. Cabinet models slightly higher. Every set fully guaranteed.

### COYNER BROS., Clover Lick

### WARNING TO POULTRYMEN

"Accredited" as used by poultrymen in many of the states between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in advertising their chicks and eggs, does not necessarily mean that the flocks owned by these advertisers are free from Bacillary White Diarrhea or Tuberculosis, is the warning given by Dr. J. H. Rietz, veterinarian at the West Virginia College of Agriculture, to poultrymen planning to buy chicks and eggs.

The states mentioned above have adopted the "Manhattan plan" in which the term "accredited" is used to designate the lowest classification in the grading of regulated poultry flocks, or those which have been culled merely for breed type and production qualities. Prospective purchasers should inquire carefully into the merits of the flocks of the hatcheries from which they buy, Dr. Rietz advises.

West Virginia has been culling its flocks for years and in a campaign inaugurated this year for testing the breeding stock of its hatcheries, more than 12,000 birds have been tested for Bacillary White Diarrhea infection and the reactors removed from the flocks to prevent further spread of the disease.

This warning is not intended to discourage poultry raisers from buying chicks, Dr. Rietz explains, but is issued as a caution to poultrymen to investigate the sources of all eggs and baby chicks, particularly as regards, the test for Bacillary White Diarrhea in the flock from which pur-chase is contemplated.

It is Dr. Rietz's opinion that most West Virginia hatcheries, are probably able to furnish chicks that are more nearly disease free than many out-of-state hatcheries that are advertising "accredited" baby chicks.

Report of New Pleasant Valley school fifth month, Goldie Gay Hunsan, teacher. Perfect attendance. Frank Robert, Forrest Eugene, Fred Warren, Norman and Durman Gibson, Altha McGuire, Charlotte and Ruby Miller. Faithful: Pallie, Anna Belle and Woodrow Gibson.

Trump Run school, fifth month. Remus C. May, teacher. Nina and Dennis May, Harry, Hubert and Virginia Callison, Earl and Harold Wells Paul, Billie, Clyde, Moffet and Thelma Cutlip, Carl and Ruby Mann, Ruth and Ruby Blankenship, Arlene and Madajyne Callahan, and Nina Steward.

Report of Green Hill School, fifth month, A. G. McLaughlin, teacher. Perfect: Oleta, Margie, Faith and Porter Woodzell, Gall, Oscar and Loy Sharp, Wayne Geiger, Glen Moore. Enrollment twelve, average 11.4. We are proud of our attendance record since the lowest for any month was 11.3. Have nine club members all very enthusiastic about club work. Some have decided to enter the poultry project sponsored by the First National Bank.

FOR SALE.—3 Shepherd pups six weeks old, black with white collars on neck, guaranteed bred drivers. Price, male \$5, female \$3. I. S. B. Marlinton.—A. S. Gay, Oporto, W. Va.

### FROM UNCLE JOE

The old year is past and gone. At midnight the old year on the silent moonbeams wings its flight into the vanished vision of the unnumbered past.

It is a long, long way to the place where time began, and the road through the ages thither is crowded with the filmy figments of the once living realities for which men give life's labor and pain.

We live in a niche of time between two extremities. Time is only for a moment. It is the gateway through which the eternal future passes into the external past. You and I live only in the gateway. We cannot live in either tomorrow or yesterday or in the moment behind us—The thing that is past is forever past.

Would you not like to go back to the year new closed, and undo some of the things you did? Unsay some of the things you have thought? Unfeel some of the things you felt? It cannot be done. They have made their imprint upon your life and character, to say nothing of the effect upon others. They have winged their flight into the eternal past, out of your reach forever.

We cannot go into the field of life and uproot the seeds we have sown. We must reap the future harvest from these seeds. "Whoever sows a man sows that shall he also reap."

King David repented of his sin, but his repentance did not bring his victim back to life, nor did it prevent in coming years David's cry "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Life is passing on. The years do not stop and wait for you, and me; to let us finish the job we meant to have done. The flying shuttle in the weaver's loom pauses not for the mending of the knotted threads, nor that we may idle be. The morning sun waits not for us to enjoy the dew on the roses, nor does the evening sun delay it going down that the old may finish reaping the field.

The queen at her death hour may cry millions of money for a moment of time, but the moments move on without regard to the pleading of a queen, or bribes of gold. The silent stars roll on through the ages and ask not whether we are able to keep pace with their progress.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight," is the oft-repeated

### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of the late Anna S. Gillispie to present the same proven according to law to the undersigned executor at his office at Cass, W. Va. All persons indebted to said estate will please pay to me at once.

This 13th day of January, 1928.

S. E. CLARK, Executor  
Estate of Anna S. Gillispie, deceased.

volume—huge rocks, half the size of a railroad car, trembled from the impact, boulders of a ton in weight were displaced, and buffeted from side to side like so much cork; roll on roll, fold on fold and wave on wave, gliding, leaping, crashing, dashing, hissing, roaring, it came—a vital, sentient thing, not unlikable to a mammoth steed, wild, infuriated, free and unfettered, plunging headlong down the rugged canyons, its hollow crest, its billowing mane far flung to the breeze, charging, stumbling, vaulting, staggering, pressing ever on and on, with wild abandon, unchecked and unrestrained, when suddenly reaching the brink of a yawning gulf it started its path, and seeming to sense that it was then to late to wholly check its break neck pace, halting momentarily as tho' to summon new strength and force for a mighty bound which would clear the chasm—with a despairing hiss—almost a shriek, and with an effort born of that despair, leaping blindly into space! only to crash hopelessly against the rocks beneath—the spray and froth and foam from its agonized flanks, cruelly galled by the impact, mounting in clouds and descending in dews that thoroughly saturated us where we stood (all one hundred feet away.

Once, twice, thrice, with demoniacal fury it assaulted and sought to demolish the impeding wall of stone, and as often was thrown back upon its haunches, broken and beaten; at length, re-enforced by ever increasing volume and force and fury, by a last supreme and frantic effort, the barrier that could not be destroyed was clear with a bound, and away sped the liberated demon, cruel, ravaging and relentless as before. Time after time we witnessed a pep-

Richmond, Va.—Fifteen cases of plug tobacco were found recently in a "lost" room of an old home in Glade Springs, Va., after an undisturbed rest of almost three score and ten years. It is believed that the tobacco was hidden in the year of 1822 or 1823 to keep Northern soldiers, who frequented the vicinity, from carrying it away. S. W. Keys, cashier of the Bank of Glade Springs, who made the "find," has sent a case to Frederick R. Scott, assistant cashier of the State Planters' Bank and Trust Co., where it is now on display. The goods were almost invaluable at the time they were hidden, the Federal tax alone being 15 per pound. There were 1,500 pounds in the cases, which are well preserved, and will be turned over to the State Department of Agriculture as relics.